¶ An Enterlude for chil/

dren to play named Jack Jugler / bothe Wit=
tie and very pleasant. Newly Imprinted.

¶ The names of the Players.

Maister Youngrace	A Gallant
Dame Coy	A Gentlewoman
Jack Jugler	The Vice
Jenkin Careaway	A Lackey
Alice trip and go.	A Maid.

¶ Imprinted at London

at the long Shop adioyning vnto Saint Wil=
dreds Churche in the Poultrie, by
John Allde.

23

¶ The Prologue.

INterpone tuis interdum gaudia curis:
Vt possis animo quem vis sufferre laborem,
Doo any of you knowe what latin is this:
Or els would you haue an expositorem:
To declare it in Englische per sensum planiorem?
It is best to speak Englische or els within a while.
I may perchaunce mine owne self with my latin begile.

¶ The two verses whiche I rehearsed before,
I finde written in the book of Cato the wise
Amongst good precepts of liuing a thousand more,
Whiche to followe there he dooth all men aduise.
And they may be Englished breefly in this wise.
Amongst thy careful busines vse some mirth and ioy:
That no bodely woork thy wits breake or noy.

¶ For the minde (saith he) in serious matters occupyed
If it haue not some quiet mirth and recreation:
Enterchangeably admixed, must needs be soon wery ed,
And (as who should say) tried by continuall operation:
Of labour and busines without relaxation.
Therfore intermixe honest mirth in suche wise:
That your strength may be refrecht & to labour suffise.

¶ For as meat and drinck, naturall rest and sleep,
For the preseruation and helth of the body:
Must needs be had, so the minde and wits to keep,
Pregnant, freshe, industrious, quick and lusty.
Honest mirth and pastime is requisite and necessary.
For, quod caret alterna requies durabile non est
Nothing may endure (saith Ouid) without some rest.

Example

Example, proof heer on earth is wel found,
Manifest, open and very euident:
For except the husbandman doo suffer his ground,
Sometime to rest, it would bear no frute verament
Therfore they let the field lie euery second yeer:
To the end that after rest it may Corn the better bear.

¶ Thus then as I haue said, it is a thing naturall
Naturally belonging vnto eche liuing creature:
But to man moste especially aboue others all.
To haue at time conuenient, pastime, mirth and plesure.
So they be ioynd with honestie and vsed in due mesure.
And the same wel allowed not onely the said Cato:
But eke the Philosophers, Plutarch, Socrates & Plato.

¶ Tullius Cicero also, a man sapient and wise
Willeth the same in that his first book:
Whiche he wrote and entituled of an honest mans office,
Who so is disposed therupon to look.
Where to destine and affirm he boldely on him took,
That to hear Enterludes is pastime conuenient:
For all maner men and a thing congruent.

He reconeth that namely as a very honest disporte,
And aboue other things commendeth the olde commodie:
The hearing of whiche may doo the minde comfort,
For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophy:
Contayning muche wisdome and teache prudent pollicy.
And though they be written of matters of no importance
yet they shew great wit and muche pretie conueyance.

¶ And in this maner of making Plautus did excel,

As recordeth the same Tullius cõmending him by name,
Wherfore this maker deliteth passingly wel:
To followe his arguments and draw out the same,
For to make at seasons conuenient mirth and game.
As he hath doon this matter not worth an oyster shel:
Except perchaunce it fortune to make you laugh wel.

And for that purpose onely this maker did it write,
Taking the effect therof out of Plautus first commody:
And the first sentence of ỹ same for higher things tendite,
In no wise he would for yet the time is so queysly:
That he that speaketh best is least thank worthy.
Therfore sith nothing but trifles may be had:
You shall hear that onely whiche shall make you glad.

And suche a trifling matter as when it shalbe doon,
Ye may report and say ye haue heard nothing at all:
Therfore I tel you all before it be begun,
That no man look to hear of matters substantiall:
Nor matters of any grauitie eyther great or small.
For the maker shewed vs that suche maner things:
Doo neuer wel beseem little boyes handlings.

Wherfore if you wil not sourely your browes bend,
At suche a fantasticall conceit as this:
But can be content to hear and see the end,
I wil go shew the players what your pleasure is:
Whiche I knowe to wait on you are redy ere this.
I wil go send them hither into your presence:
Desiring that they may haue quiet audience.

Iack

OUr Lord of heauen and sweet S. Jone:
Rest you mery my maisters euerychone.
And I pray to Christe and sweet S. Stephen:
Send you all many a good euen.
And you to sir, and you, and you also
Good euen to you an hundred times, & a thousand mo.
Now by all the crosses of flesche, bone and blood:
I account my chaunce right maruaylous good.
Heer now to finde all this company:
Whiche in my minde I wished for hartely.
For I haue laboured all day that I am wery:
And now am disposed to passe the time and be mery.
As I think, none of you but he would doo the same:
For who wil be sad and nedeth not is foule to blame.
And as for me, of my mother I haue been taught:
To be mery when I may and take no thought.
Whiche lesson I bare so wel away:
That I to vse to make mery once a day.
And now if all things doo happen right:
you shall see as mad a pastime this night.
As you saw this seuen yeeres, and as proper a toy
As euer you saw played of a boy.
I am called Jack Jugler of many an one:
And in faith I wil play a iugling cast anone.
I wil coniure the mole and God before:
Els let me leese my name for euermore.
I haue it deuised and compassed how:
And what wayes, I wil tel and shew to you.
you all knowe wel maister Boungrace
The gentleman that dwelleth heer in this place.
And Jenkin Careaway his page as cursed a lad

And as vngratious as euer any man had.
An vnhappy wag and as foliche a knaue with all:
As any is now within London wall.
This Jenkin and I be fallen at great debate:
For a matter that fel between vs of late.
And hitherto of him I could neuer reuenged be:
For his maintayneth him and loueth not me.
All be it the very truthe vnto you to tel:
Neyther of them bothe knoweth me very wel.
But against all other boyes the said gentle man:
Wayntayneth him in all that he can.
But yet I wil set little by my wit:
If that I doo not Jenkin this night requit.
For ere I sleep Jenkin shall be wel met:
And then I trust to come partly out of his det.
And when we meet again if this doo not suffise:
I shall pay him the residue in my best wise.
It chaunced me right now in the end of the next street:
With Jenkin and his maister in the face to meet.
I abode there a while playing for to see:
At the Bucklers as it wel becommed me.
It was not long but at the last:
Back comes my cosen Careaway homewards ful fast.
Pricking prauncing and springing in his short cote:
And pleasantly singing with a mery note.
Whither away so fast quary a while said one
I cannot now said he I must needs be gone.
My maister suppeth heer by at a gentlemans place:
And I must go fetche my dame mistres Boungrace.
But yet ere that I go I care not muche:
At the Bucklers to play with thee one fair touche.
To it they went and played so long:

Til

Til Jenkin thought he had wrong.
By cocks precious potstike, I wil not home this night:
(Quod he) but as good a stripe on thy bed light.
Within half an houre or somewhat lesse:
Jenkin left playing and went to fetche his mistres.
But by the way he met with a frutrers wife:
There Jenkin and she fel at suche strife.
For snatching of an Apple, that down he cast
Her basket and gathertd up the Apples fast.
And put them in his sleeue, then came he his way:
By another lane as fast as he may.
Til he came at a corner by a shops stall:
Where boyes were at dice faring at all.
When Cateaway with that good company met:
He fel to facing without any let.
Forgetting his message, and so wel he did fare
That when I came by he gan to swere and stare.
And ful bitterly began to curse:
As one that had lost allmoste all in his purse.
For I knowe his olde guise and condition:
Neuer to leue til all his money be gone.
For he hath no money but what he dooth steal:
And that wil he play away euery deal.
I passed by and then did call vnto minde:
Certain olde reconings that were behinde.
Between Jenkin and me, whom partly to recompence
I trust by Gods grace ere that I go hence.
This garment, cap, and all other geer:
That now you see vpon me heer.
I haue doon on all like vnto his:
For the nonce and my purpose is.
To make Jenkin beleue if I can:

That

That he is not him self but another man:
For except he hath better luck then he had:
He wil come hither stark staring mad.
When he dooth come I wil handle my captain so:
That he shall not wot wel whether to go.
His mistres I knowe she wil him blame:
And his maister also wil doo the same.
Because that she of her supper deceyued is:
For I am sure they haue all supped by this.
But and if Jenkin would hither resorte:
I trust he and I should make some sporte.
If I had soner spoken he would soner haue been heer:
For me seemeth I doo his voyce hear.

Careaway.

Alas sir, I may say, I haue been at a feast,
I haue lost two shillings and fire pence at the least.
Mary sir, of this gaines I need make no boste:
But the Deuil go with all more haue I lost.
My name is Careaway, let all sorowe passe:
I wil ere to morowe night be as riche as euer I was.
Els at the furthest within a day or twain:
For my maisters purse shall pay me again.
Therfore hoygh Careaway, now wil I sing hey, hey,
But by the Lord now I remember another thing.
By my faith Jenkin my mistres and thou:
Are like to agree God knoweth how.
That thou cammest not for her incontinent:
To bring her to supper when thou wast sent.
And now they haue supped for whiche thou wilt aby:
Except thou imagine some pretie and craftie lie.
For she is as all other women be:
A very cursed shrew by the blessed Trinitie.

And

And a very Deuil for if she once begin:
To fight or chide, in a week she wil not lin.
And a great plesure she hath specially now of late:
To get poor me now and then by the pate.
For she is an angry peece of flesche and soon displeased:
Quickly moued but not lightly appeased.
We vse to call her at home dame Coy:
A prettie peece God saue her and Saint Loy.
As daintie and nice as an halpeny worth of siluer spoons
But vengeable melancoly in the after noons.
She vseth for her bodely helth and sauegarde:
To chide dayly one fit to supperwarde.
And my maister him self is wurse then she:
If he once throughly an angred be.
And a maid we haue at home calld Alice trip and go:
Not all London can shew suche other two.
She simpreth, she pranketh and tetteth without fail:
As a Pecock that spredith and sheweth her gay tail.
She minceth, she brideleth, she swimmeth to and fro:
She tredith not one hear awry, she trippeth like a Doe.
Abrode in the street going or comming homewarde
She quauerith and warbleth like one in a galliard.
Euery ioynt in her body and euery part:
Oh it is a ioyly wenche to mince and deuide a fart.
She talketh, she chatteth like a Pie all day:
And speaketh like a Parot Popiniay.
And that as fine as a small silken thred:
yea and as hie as an Egle can flee for a need.
But it is a spiteful lying gerle, and neuer wel
But when she may some il tale by me tel.
She wil I warrant you anon at the first:
Of me imagine and say the wurst.

And what so euer she to my mistres dooth say:
That is written in the gospel of the same day.
Therfore I wil heer with my self deuise:
What I may best say, and in what wise
I may excuse this my long tarying:
That she of my negligence may suspect nothing.
For if the fault of this be found in me:
I may giue my life for halfpenyes three.

¶ Hic cogitabundo similis sedeat.

Let me study this moneth and I shall not finde:
I better deuise then now is come to my minde.
Mistres (I wil say) I am bound by my dutie:
To se your womanhood haue no iniury.
For I hear and see more then you now and then:
And your self partly knowe the wanton wiles of men.
When we came yonder there did I see:
My maister kisse gentlewomen two or three.
And with one amongst others me thought busy:
He had to her a meruaylous great fantasy.
Anon he commaunded me to run thence for you:
To come sup there if you would, but I wot not how.
My hart grudged mistrusting lest that I being away:
My maister would some light cast play:
Wherupon (mistres) to see the end:
I taryed halfe supper time so God me mend.
And besides that there was suche other company:
As I knowe your mistreshyp sets nothing by.
Gorgious dames of the Court and galants also:
With doctours and other rufflers many mo.
At last when I thought it time and season:
I came to certifie you as it was reason.
and by the way who should I meet:

But that moste honest Gentleman in the street.
Whiche the last week was with you heer:
And made you a banket and other costly cheer.
Ah Jenkin (quod he) God speed, how farest thou?
Mary wel God thank you maister, how doo you?
How dooth thy mistres? is she at home?
yea sir (quod I) and suppeth all alone.
And but she hath no maner good cheer:
I am sure she would gladly haue you there.
I cannot come now (said he) I haue suche busines:
But thou shalt cary a token from me to thy mistres.
Go with me to my chamber at yonder lane end.
And I wil a disshe of Costards vnto her send.
I followed him and was bolde by your leue:
To receiue and bring them heer in my sleue.
But I would not for all England by Jhesu Christe:
That my maister Boungrace heerof wist.
Or knew that I should any suche geer to you bring:
Lest he misdeem vs bothe in some wurse thing.
Nor shew him nothing of that I before said:
For then in deed sore I am araid.
And you doo, hencefoorth I wil nothing to you tel:
Whether my maister doo euil or wel.
That and if you now this counsel wel doo keep.
I wil ease you perchaunce twice in a week.
You may say you were sick and your hed did ake:
That you lusted not this night any supper to make.
Specially without doores but thought it best:
To abide at home and take your rest.
And I wil to my maister to bring him home:
For you knowe he wilbe angry if he come alone.
This wil I say and face it so wel.

That the shall beleue it euery dele.
How say you freends by the armes of Robin Hood:
Wil not this excuse be reasonable good.
To muse for any better great folly it is:
For I may make sure reconing of this.
That and if I would sit studying this seuen yeer:
I shall not els finde how to saue me all cleer.
And as you see for the moste part our wits are best:
When we be taken moste vnreadyest.
But I wil not giue for that boy a flie:
That hath not all times in store one good lie.
And cannot set a good face vpon the same:
Therfore S. George to borowe as it wil let it frame.
I wil ieobard a ioynt be as be may:
I haue had many like chaunces before this day.
But I promise you I doo curstly fear:
For I feel a vengeable burning in my left ear.
And it hath been a saying of time long:
That sweet meat must haue soure sauce among.
And surely I shall haue some il hap:
For my hear standeth vp vnder my cap.
I would knock but I dare not by our Lady:
I fear hanging where vnto no man is hastie.
But seeing there is none other remedy:
Thus to stand any longer it is but folly.

Hic pulsat ostium.

They be so far within they cannot hear:

Jugler.

Cease thy knocking saucy knaue, what makest thou ther

Careaway.

What knaue is that: he speaketh not to me I trowe:
And we meet the one of vs is like to haue a blowe.

For

For now that I am wel chafed and somewhat hot:
Twenty suche could I hew as small as flesche to the pot.
And surely if so be that I had a knife:
This knaue should not escape with his life.
To teache him to aske of me any more:
What I should make at my maisters doore.

¶ Jack Jugler.

But thou come not from that gate thou knaue:
I wil set thee by thy sweet locks so God me saue.

¶ Careaway.

Wil the whoreson fight, in deed by mine honestie:
I knowe no quarel he hath vnto me:
But I would I were within the house:
And then I would not set by him a louce.
For I fear and mistrust suche quarelling theeues:
Se how he beginneth to strike vp his sleeues.

¶ Jack Jugler.

His arse maketh buttons now, who lusteth to feel:
Shall finde his hart creeping out at his heel.
Or els lye lurking in some corner of his hose:
If it be not all ready dropped out of his nose.
For as I dout not but you haue heard before:
A more dastard cowardly knaue was neuer borne.

¶ Careaway.

The Deuil set the house on fire I think it be a curst:
When a man hath most haste he then spedeth worst.
If I be robbed or slain, or any harme get:
The fault is in them that doo not me in let.
And I durst ieobard an hundred pound:
That some bawdy within might now be found.
But except some of them doo come the soner:
I shall knock suche a peal ỹ all England shall wunder.

¶ Jack

Jugler.

Knock at the gate hardely again if thou dare:
And seing thou wilt not by fair woords be ware.
Now fists, me thinkth yesterday seuen yeeres past:
That foure men a sleep at my feet you cast.
And this day you did no maner good:
Nor were not washed in any warme blood.

Careaway.

What whoreson is this that washeth in warm blood:
Some Deuil broken loose out of hel for wood.
Foure hath he slain and now wel I see:
That it must be my chaunce the fift for to be.
But rather then thus shamefully too be slain:
Would Christ my freends had hangd me at yeers twain.
And yet if I take good hart and be bolde:
Perchaunce he will be more sober and colde.

Jugler.

Now hands bestir you about his lippes and face:
And strike out all his teeth without any grace.
Gentleman are you disposde to eat any fist meat:

Careaway.

I haue supped sir, and list not as yet to eat.
Giue it to them that be hungry if you be wise.

Jugler.

It will doo a man of your dyet no harme to sup twise.
This shall be your cheese to make your meat digest:
For these hands (none except) weyeth of the best.

Careaway.

I shall neuer scape, se how he shakes his hands.

Jugler.

With a stroke they will lay a knaue in our Ladies bands.
And this day yet they haue doon no good at all:

Careaway.

Ere

Ere thou doo assay them on me lame them on the wall.
But speak you all this in earnest or in game:
Truly if you be angry with me you are to blame.
Or haue you any iust quarel vnto me:

Jugler.

Ere that we two doo depart thou shalt see.

Careaway.

Why: haue I doon thee any maner of displesure:

Jugler.

All this though to your pain you shall knowe be sure.

Careaway.

By my faith if you be angry without any cause:
your mends shall be made with a couple of strawes.
By thee I set what so euer thou art:
But for thy displesure not so muche as a fart.
May a man demaund whose seruant you be:

Jugler.

My maisters seruant I am for certaintie.

Careaway.

What buslines haue you at this place now:

Jugler.

Nay mary tel me, what buslines heer haue you:
For I am commuunded to wathe with diligence:
That in my good maister Boungraces absence.
No misfortune may happen to his house certain:

Careaway.

Wel now I am come you may go hence again.
And thank thē that so muche for my maister hath doon:
Shew them that the seruants of the house be come hom.
For I am of the house and now in wil I go.

Jugler.

I cannot tel whether thou be of the house or no.

But go no neer lest I handle thee like a straunger:
Thank no man but thy self if thou be in any daunger.

¶ Careaway.

Mary I defy thee and plainly vnto thee tel:
That I am a seruant of this house and heer I dwel.

¶ Jack Jugler.

Now so God me snatche onles thou go thy wayes:
While thou maist, for this fortie dayes
I shall make thee not able to go nor ride:
But in a dung cart or a wheel barowe lying on one side.

¶ Careaway.

I am a seruant of this house by these ten bones:

¶ Jack Jugler.

No more prating but get thee hence at once.

¶ Careaway.

Why: my maister hath sent me home on his message:

¶ Jack Jugler.

Pack hence a walke a knaue, heer is no passage.

¶ Careaway.

Wilt thou let me from mine owne maisters house:

¶ Jack Jugler.

Be trudging. els in faith you bear me a louse.
Heer my maister and I haue our habitation:
And hath continually dwelled within this mansion.
At the least this dosen yeers and od:
And heer wil we end our liues by the grace of God.

¶ Careaway.

Why: where shall my maister and I then dwel

¶ Jack Jugler.

At the Deuil if you lust, I cannot tel.

¶ Careaway.

In nomine patris, now this geer dooth passe:

For a little before supper heer our house was.
And this day in the morning I wil on a book sweare
That my maister and I bothe dwelled heer.

Jugler.

Who is thy maister: tel me without lie:
And thine owne name also let me knowe shortly.
For my maisters all let me bear the blame:
And if this knaue knowe his maister or his owne name.

Careaway.

My maisters name is maister Boungrace:
I haue dwelled with him a long space.
And I am Jenkin Careaway his page.

Jugler.

What thou drunken slaue beginnest thou to rage:
Take thou that, art thou maister Boungraces page.

Careaway.

If I be not, I haue made a passing good voyage.

Jugler.

Darest thou to my face say thou art I:

Careaway.

I would it were true and no lie.
For then thou shouldest smart and I should be bet:
Where as now I doo all the blowes get.

Jugler.

And is maister Boungrace thy maister doost thou say:

Careaway.

I wil sweare on a book he was once this day.

Jugler.

And for that thou shalt somewhat haue:
Because thou presumest like a saucy lying knaue.
To say my maister is thine, who is thy maister now.

Careaway.

By my trouth sir who so euer shall please you.
I am your owne for you bet me so:
Is no man but my maister should doo.

Jack Jugler.

I wil handle thee better if fault be not in fist:

Careaway.

Help, saue my life maisters for the passion of Christe.

Jack Jugler.

Why thou lousy theef, doost thou cry and roze?

Careaway.

No faith, now I wil not cry oue whit moze.
Saue my life, help, help, or I am slain:

Jack Jugler.

yea, doost thou make a romering yet again?
Did not I bid thee holde thy peace?

Careaway.

Now in faith I leue and my crying ceace. help, help.

Jack Jugler.

Who is thy maister? why speakest thou not now?

Careaway.

Maister Boungrace (if it please you) before God I bow.

Jack Jugler.

I wil make thee chaunge that song ere we twain passe.
For he is my maister, and again to thee I say:
That I am his Jenkin Careaway.
Who art thou now? tel me plain:

Careaway.

No body, but whom it pleaseth you certain.

Jack Jugler.

Thou saydst euen now thy name was Caraway:

Careaway.

I cry you mercy sir, and forgiuenes pray:
I sayd amisse because it was so to day.
Thinking it should haue continued so alway.

Like

Like a fool as I am and a drunken knaue:
But in faith sir you see all the wit I haue.
Therfore I beseeche you doo me no more blame:
But giue me a new maister and another name.
For it would greeue my hart so help me God:
To run about the streets like a maisterles nod.

Iack Iugler.

I am he that thou didst say thou were:
And M. Boungrace is my maister that dwelleth heer.
Thou art no point Careaway thy wits doo thee fail:

Careaway.

yea mary sir, you haue beat them down to my tail.
But sir might I be bolde to say one thing:
Without any blowes or without any beating.

Iack Iugler.

Truce for a while, say on what thou lust:

Careaway.

May a man to your honestie and by your word trust:
I pray you swere by the Masse you wil doo me no il:

Iack Iugler.

By the Masse I promise pardon thee I wil.

Careaway.

What and you keep not your promise:

Iack Iugler.

Then vpon K:
God graūt asmuche or more light as hath on thee to day

Careaway.

Now dare I speak without fear truly:
Maister Boungrace is my maister certainly.
And the name of me is Ienkin Careaway.

Iack Iugler. What saist thou so:

Careaway.

And if thou wilt strike me and break thy promise doo.
And beat me vntil I stink or els doo die:
And yet wil I say that I am I.

Iack Iugler.

This

This bedlem knaue without dout is mad:

Careaway.

Nay by God, for all that I am a wise lad.
And can call to remembrance euery thing:
That was doon this day since my vprising.
For went not I with my maister this same day:
Early in the morning to the Tenis play:
At noon while my maister at his dinner sate:
Played not I at Dice at the gentlemans gate:
Did not I wait on my maister to supperward:
And I think I was not chaungd by the way homeward
Or els if thou think that I doo lie:
Knowe in the street of them that I came by.
And sith that I came hither into your presence:
What man living could cary me hence.
I remember I was sent to fetche my mistres:
And what I deuised to sane me harmles.
Doo not I speak now: is not this my hand:
Be not these my feet that on this ground stand:
Did not this other knaue (heer) knock me about the hed:
And beat me til I was almoste dead:
How may it then be that he should be I:
Or I not my self it is a shameful lie.
I wil home to our house whosoeuer say nay:
For surely my name is Jenkin Careaway.

Iugler.

I wil make thee say otherwise ere we passe if I can.

Careaway.

Nay that wil I not in faith for no man.
Except thou tel me what I thou hast doon:
Euer since fiue of the clock this afternoon:
Reherse me all that without any lie:

And

And then I will confesse that thou art I.

Iugler.

When my maister came to the gentlemans place:
He commaunded me to run home a great pace.
To fet thyther my mistres, but by the way
I did a good while at the Bucklers play.
Then came I by a wife that did Costards sel:
And cast down her basket fair and wel.
And gathered as many as I could get:
And put them in my sleeue heer they be yet.

Careaway.

How the Deuil should they come there:
For I did them all in mine owne sleeue here.
He lyeth not one woord in all this:
Nor tooth in any one point misse.
For ought I se yet between earnest and game:
I must go seek me another name.
But thou mightst se all this, tel the rest that is behinde:
And there I knowe I shall thee a lyer finde.

Iugler.

I ran thence homeward a contrary way:
And whether I stopped there or nay.
I could tel if me lusteth a good token:
But it may not very wel be spoken.

Careaway.

No may, I pray thee let no man that hear:
But tel it me priuely in mine ear.

Iugler.

I thou lost all thy money at Dice, Christ giue it his curse
Wel and truly pickt before out of another mans purse.

Careaway.

Gods body whoreson theef, who tolde thee that same:

Some

Some cunning Deuil is within thee pain of shame.
In nomine patris, God and our blessed Lady:
Now and euermore saue me from thy company.

¶ Jugler.

How now: art thou Careaway or art thou not:

¶ Careaway.

By the Lord I dout, but sayest thou nay to that:

¶ Jugler.

yea mary, for Careaway is my name:

¶ Careaway.

And by these ten bones mine is the same.
Or els if so be that I be not he:
Tel me what my name from hencefoorth shall be.

¶ Jugler.

By my faith the same that it was before:
When I list to be Careaway no more.
Look wel vpon me and thou shalt see as now:
That I am Jenkin Careaway and not thou.
Look wel vpon me and by eche maner thing:
Thou shalt wel knowe that I make no leasing.

¶ Careaway.

Alas, it is so without any dout:
But how the Deuil came it about:
Who so in England looketh on him stedely:
Shall perceiue plainly that he is I.
I haue seen my self a thousand times in a glasse:
But so like my self as he is neuer was.
He hath in euery point my clothing and my gere:
My hed, my cap, my shirt and notted hear.
And of the same colour mine eyes, nose and lippes:
My cheeks, chin, neck, feet, legs and hips.
Of the same stature, and of mine owne age:

And

And is in euery point maister Boungraces page.
That if he haue a hole in his tail:
He is euen I mine owne self without any fail.
And yet when I remember I wote not how:
The same man I haue been me thinks I am now.
I knowe my maister & his house, & my b. wittes I haue
Why then should I giue credence to this foliche knaue:
That nothing entendeth but me to delude and mock:
For whom should I fear at my maisters gate to knock.

¶ Jugler.

Thinkest thou I haue said all this in game:
Get thee hence now in the Deuils name.
Avoyd thou lousy lurden and precious stinking slaue:
That knowest not thy name, nor canst any maister haue.
Winde shaken pillery pickpurse of Lice not w out a peck:
Hence or by Gods pretious I wil breake thy neck.

¶ Careaway.

Then maister I beseeche you hartely take the pain:
If I be found in any place to bring me home again.
Now is not this a wunderful cace:
That on man should leese him self so in any place:
Haue any of you heard of suche a thing heer to fore:
No, nor neuer shall I dare say hencefoorth any more

¶ Jugler.

While he museth and iudgeth him self vpon:
I wil stele away for a while and let him alone.

¶ Careaway.

Good Lord of heauen where did I my self leue:
Or who did of me my name by the way bereue:
For I am sure of this in my minde:
That I did in no place leue my self behinde,
If I had my name played away at Dice

Or had solde my self to any man at a price.
Or had made a fray and had lost it in fighting:
Or it had been stolne from me sleeping.
It had been a matter and I would haue kept patience:
But it spiteth my hart to haue lost it by negligence.
Ah thou whoreson drousy drunken sot:
It were an almous deed to walke thy cote.
And beshrew him that would for thee be sory:
To see thee wel curryed by and by.
And by Christe if any man would it doe:
I my self would help thereto.
For a man may see thou whoreson Goose:
Thou wouldst leese thine arse if it were loose.
Albeit I would neuer the deed beleeue:
But that the thing it self dooth shew and preeue.
There was neuer Ape more like vnto an Ape:
As he is to me in feature and shape.
But what wil my maister say now trow ye:
When he shall this gere hear and se:
Wil he knowe me think you when he shall see me:
If he doo not, another wil as good as he.
But where is that other I: whether is he gone:
To my maister by cocks precious passion.
Eyther to put me out of my place:
Or to accuse me to my maister Boungrace.
But I wil after as fast as I can flee:
I trust to be there assoon as hee.
That if my maister be not redy home to come:
I wil be heer again as fast as I can run.
In any wise to speak with my mistres:
Or els I shall neuer escape hanging doutles.

Dame Coy.

I shall not sup this night ful wel I see:
For as yet no body commeth for to fetche me.
But good inough let me alone:
I wil be euen with them euerychone.
I say nothing but I think some what thois:
Some there be that shall hear of this.
Of all vnkinde and churlishe husbands this is the cast:
To let their wiues sit at home and fast.
while they be foorth and make good cheer:
Pastime and sporte, as now he dooth there.
But if I were a wise woman as I am a mome:
I should make my self as good cheer at home.
But if he haue thus vnkindely serued me:
I wil not forget it these moneths three.
And if the fault be in him would God I were dead:
And he haue not suche a kirie ere he go to bed.
As he neuer had before in all his life:
Nor any man els haue had of his wife.
I would rate him and shake him after suche a sorte:
As should be to him a corasiue ful small to his comfort.

Alice trip and go.

And if I might be so bolde by your mistreships leeue,
As to speak and shew my minde and sentence.
Perchaunce of this you may the boy thank:
For many a time and oft he playeth the like prank.
And that you would say if you knew asmuche as we:
That his dayly behauiour and conuersation se.
For if you commaund him to go speak with some one:
It is an houre ere he wilbe gone.
Then wil he run foorth and play in the street:
And come again and say, he cannot with them meet.

Dame Coy.

Nay, nay, it is his maisters play:
He serueth me so almoste euery thyrd day.
But I wilbe euen with him as God giue me ioy:
But yet the fault may be in the boy.
As vngratious a graft so mote I thriue:
As any goeth on Gods ground aliue.

¶ Careaway.

My witty is breeched in suche a braake
That I cannot deuise what way is best to take.
I was almoste as far as my maister is:
But then I began to remember this.
And to cast the worse as one in fear:
If he chaunce to see me and keep me there.
Til he come him self and speak with my mistres:
Then am I like to be in shreud distres.
yet were it better me thought to turn home again:
And first speak with her certain.
Cocks body yondee she standeth at the doore:
Now is it worse then it was before.
Would Christe I could get again out of her sighe:
For I see by her look she is disposed to fight.
By the Lord she hath there an angry shrewes lock.

¶ Dame Coy.

Lo yonder commeth that vnhappy hoore.

¶ Careaway.

God saue you mistres, doo you knowe me wel.

¶ Dame Coy.

Come neer hither vnto me, and I shall thee tel.
Why thou naughtie villain is that thy guise:
To iest with thy mistres in suche wise.
Take that to begin with, and God before
When thy maister commeth home thou shalt haue more.

For

For he tolde me when he foorth went:
That thou shouldst come back again incontinent.
To bring me to supper where he now is:
And thou hast played by the way as they haue doon by this
But no force I shall thou maist trust me:
Teache all naughtie knaues to beware by thes.

¶ Careaway.

Forsooth mistres if you knew as muche as I:
you would not be with me halfe so angry.
For the fault is neyther in my maister, nor in me, nor you
But in another knaue that was heer euen now.
And his name was Jenkin Careaway.

¶ Dame Coy.

What: I see my man is disposed to play.
I ween he be drunken or mad I make God a vow:

¶ Careaway.

Nay I haue been made sober and tame I now.
I was neuer so handled before in all my life:
I would euery man in England had so beat me his wife,
I haue forgotten with touling by the hear:
What I deuised to say a little ere.

¶ Dame Coy.

Haue I lost my supper this night through thy negligence;

¶ Careaway.

Nay then were I a knaue sauing your reuerence.

¶ Dame Coy.

Why: I am sure that by this time it is doon:

¶ Careaway.

yea that it was more then an houre agone.

¶ Dame Coy.

And wast not thou sent to fetche me thither:

¶ Careaway.

Yes and had come right quickly hither.
But that by the way I had a great fall:
And my name, body, shape, legges and all.
And met with one that from me did it steal:
By by God first he and I some blowes did deal.
I would he were present now before your gate:
For you could pummel him ioylyly about the pate.

¶ Dame Coy.

Truly this wagpastie is eyther drunck or mad:

¶ Careaway.

Neuer man suffred so muche wrong as I had.
But mistres I should say a thing to you:
Tary it wil come to my remembrance euen now.
I must needs vse a substantiall premeditation:
For the matter lyeth greatly me vpon.
I beseeche your mistreship of pardon and forgiuenes:
Desyring you to impute it to my simple & rude [illegible]
I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue said:
And am therof ful il apaid.
But when I lost my self this mischaunce also fel:
I lost also that I should you tel.

¶ Dame Coy.

Why thou wretched villain doost thou me scorn & mock:
To make me to these folke a laughing stock.
Ere thou go out of my hands thou shalt haue some thing
And I wil recken better in the morning.

¶ Careaway.

And if you beat me maistres aduise you:
For I am none of your seruants now.
That other I is now your page:
And I am no longer in your bondage.

¶ Dame Coy.

Now

Now walke precious theef get thee out of my light:
And come no more in my presence this night.
Get thee hence and wait on thy maister at once:

¶ Careaway.

Mary sir this is handling for the nonce.
I would I had been hanged before that I was lost:
I was neuer this canuased and tost.
That if my maister on his part also:
Handle me as my mistres and the other I doo.
I shall surely be killed between them three:
And all the deuils in hel shall not saue me.
But yet if the other I might with me haue part:
All this would neuer greeue my hart.

¶ Jugler.

How say you maisters I pray you tel:
Haue not I requited my marchant wel?
Haue not I handled him after a good sorte:
Had it not been pittie to haue lost this sporte.
Anon his maister on his behalfe:
you shall see how he wil handle the Calfe.
For if he throughly an angred be:
He wil make him smart so mote I thee.
I would not for the price of a new pair of shoon:
That any parte of this had been vndoon.
Wel, sith that now reuenged is my quarel:
I wil go doo of mine apparel.
And now let Careaway be Careaway again:
I haue doon with that name now certain.
Except peraduenture I shall take the self same weed:
Some other time again for a like cause and need.

¶ Boungrace.

Why then darest thou to presume to tel me:

That

That I knowe is no wise possible for to be:

¶ Careaway.

Now by my truthe maister I haue tolde no lie.
And all these folke knowe as wel as I.
I had no sooner knocked at the gate:
But straight wayes he had me by the pate.
Therfore if you beat me til I fart and shite again:
You shall not cause me for any pain.
But I wil affirm as I said before:
That when I came neer another stood at the doore.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

Why thou naughtie villain darest thou affirm to me:
That whiche was neuer seen nor heer after shalbe:
That one man may haue two bodies and two faces:
And that one man at one time may be in two places.
Tel me, drankest thou any where by the way:

¶ Careaway.

Beshrew me if I dranck any more then twise to day:
Til I met euen now with that other I:
And with him I supped and dranke truly.
But as for you if you gaue me drinck and meat:
As oftentimes as you doo me beat.
I were the best fed page in all this Cittie:
But as touching that you haue on me no pittie.
And not onely I but all that doo you serue:
For meat and drinck may rather starue.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

What you saucy malapart knaue:
Begin you with your maister to prate and raue.
Your tung is liberall and all out of frame:
I must needs cunger it and make it tame.
Wher is that other Careaway that thou saydst was heer

¶ Careaway

¶ Careaway.

Now by my Chriſtendome ſir I wote neer:

¶ Maiſter Boungrace.

Why ranſt thou finde no man to mock but mee:

¶ Careaway.

I mock you not maiſter ſo mote I thee.
Euery woord was true that I you tolde:

¶ Maiſter Boungrace.

Nay I knowe toyes and prancks of olde.
And now thou art not ſatiſfied nor content:
Without regarde of my biddings and commaundement:
To haue played by the way as a leud knaue & negligent.
When I thee on my meſſage home ſent.
But alſo wouldeſt willingly me delude and mock:
And make me to all wiſe men a laughing ſtock.
Shewing me ſuche things as in no wiſe be may:
To the intent thy leudnes may turn to ieſt and play.
Therfore if thou ſpeak any ſuche things to me again:
I promiſe it ſhalbe vnto thy pain.

¶ Careaway.

Lo is not he in miſerable cace:
That ſarueth ſuche a maiſter in any place.
That with force wil compel him that thing to denie:
That he knoweth true and hath ſeen with his eye.

¶ Maiſter Boungrace.

Was it not thinkſt thou thine owne ſhadowe:

¶ Careaway.

My ſhadowe could neuer haue beaten me ſo.

¶ Maiſter Boungrace.

Why: by what reaſon poſſible may ſuche a thing be:

¶ Careaway.

Nay I maruel and wonder at it more then ye.

And

And at the first it did me curstly meeue:
For I would mine owne eyes in no wise beleeue.
Until that other I beat me so:
That he made me beleeue whither I would or no.
And if he had your self now within his reache:
He would make you say so to or els beschite your breache.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

I durst a good meed and a wager lay:
That thou layedst down and slepst by the way.
And dreamed all this that thou haste me tolde.

¶ Careaway.

Nay there you lie maister if I might be so bolde:
But we rise so early that if I had:
I had doon wel and a wise lad.
yet maister I would you understood:
That I haue alwayes been trustie and good.
And flee as fast as a Bear in a cage:
When so euer you sent me on your message.
yet in faith as for this that I haue tolde you
I saw and felt it as waking as I am now.
For I had no sooner knocked at the gate:
But the other I knaue had me by the pate.
And I durst to you on a book swere:
That he had been watching for me there.
Long ere I came hidden in some priuy place:
Euen for the nonce to haue me by the face.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

Why then thou speakest not with thy wife:

¶ Careaway.

No that I did not maister by my life.
Until that other I was gone:
And then my mistres sent me after a none.

To

To wait on you home in the Deuils name:
I ween the Deuil neuer so bet his dame.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

And where became that other Careaway:

¶ Careaway.

By mine honestie sir I cannot say.
But I warrant you he is not far hence:
He is heer amongst this company for fortie pence.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

Hence at once seek and smel him out:
I wil els rap thee on the lying knaues snout.
I wil not be deluded with suche a glosing lie:
Nor giue credite til I see it with mine owne eye.

¶ Careaway.

Truly good sir by your maisterships fauour:
I cannot wel finde a knaue by the sauour.
Many heer smel strong but none so ranck as he:
A stronger sented knaue then he was cannot be.
But sir if he be happely found anon:
What amends shall I haue for that you haue doon:

¶ Maister Boungrace.

And if he may be found I wil walke his cote:

¶ Careaway.

yea for our Ladyes sake (good maister) spare him not.
For it is some false knaue without all dout:
I had rather then fortie pence he might be found out.
For if a man may beleeue a glasse:
Euen my very owne self it was.
And heer he was but euen right now:
And stepped away sodenly I wot not how.
Of suche another thing I haue neuer heard or seen:
By our blessed Lady heauen Queen.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

Plainly it was thy shadowe that thou didst se:
For in faith the other thing is not possible to be.

¶ Careaway.

Yes in good faith sir by your leue:
I knowe it was I by mine Apples in my sleeue.
And speaketh as like me as euer you heard:
Suche hear, suche a cap, suche hose and cote:
And in euery thing as iust as foure pence to a grote.
That if he were heer you should wel se:
That you could not discern or knowe him from me.
For think you that I doo not my self knowe:
I am not so foolishe a knaue I trowe.
Let who wil look him by and by:
And he wil depose vpon a book that he is I.
And I dare wel say you wil say the same:
And he called him self by mine owne name.
And tolde me all that I haue doon:
Sith fiue of the clock this after noon.
He could tel when you were to Supper set:
You sent me home my mistres to fet.
And shewed me all things that I did by the way.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

What was that:

¶ Careaway.

How I did at the Bucklers play.
And how I scattered a basket of Apples from a stall:
And gathered them into my sleeue all.
And how I played after that also.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

Thou shalt aby therfore so mote I go.
What: is that the guise of a trustie page:

To

To play when he is sent on his maisters message.

¶ Dame Coy.

Lay on and spare not for the loue of Christe:
Knock his hed to a poste and fauour your fiste.
Now for my sake sweet hart spare & fauour your hand:
And lay him about the ribbes with this prette wand.

¶ Careaway.

Now mercy that I aske of bothe you twain:
Saue my life and let me not be slain.
I haue had beating inough for one day:
That a mischeef take the other me Caraway.
That if euer he come to my hands again:
Let him think it shalbe vnto his pain.
But I meruail greatly by our Lord Iesus:
How he I escaped I me beat thus.
And is not he I an vnkinde knaue:
That would no more pittie on my self haue.
Heer may you see euidently iwis:
That in me no drop of honestie is.
Now a vengeance light on suche a churles knaue:
That no more loue to my self haue.

¶ Dame Coy.

I knew very wel sweet hart and said right now:
That no fault therof should be in you.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

No truly good bed fellowe then were I muche vnkinde:
And if you at any time should be out of my minde.

¶ Dame Coy.

Surely I haue of you a great treasure:
For you doo all things whiche may be to my pleasure.

¶ Maister Boungrace.

I am sory that your chaunce hath now been so il

I would gladly haue been vnlapt so you had your fil.
But go we in sweet Pigsnie that you may sup:
You haue cause to thank this same hang vp.
For had not he been you had fared very wel.

¶ Dame Coy.

I bequethe him with a vengeance to the Deuil of hel.
And hartely I beseeche him that hanged on the rood:
That he neuer eat nor drinck that may doo him good.
And that he die a shameful death sauing my charitie:

¶ Careaway.

I pray God send him suche prosperitie:
That hath caused me to haue all this busines:
But yet sirs you se the charitie of my mistres.
She liueth after a wunderful charitable fashion:
For I assure you she is alwayes in this passion.
And scarcely one day throughout the whole yeer:
She wil wishe any man any better cheer.
And sometime if she wel an angred be:
I pray God (wil she say) the house sinck vnder me.
But maisters if you happen to see that other I:
As that you shall it is not very likely.
Nor I wil not desire you purposely for him to look:
For it is an vncomperable vnhappy book:
And if it be I you might happen to seek:
And not finde me out in an whole week.
For when I was wunt to run away:
I vsed not to come again in a moneth or tway.
How be it for all this I think it be not I:
For to shew the matter in deed truly.
I neuer vse to run away in winter nor in Here:
But all wayes in suche time and season of the yeer.
When Honey lyeth in the hiues of Bees:

And

And all maner frute falleth from the trees.
As Apples, Nuts, Peares and Plummes also:
Wherby a boy may liue abrode a moneth or two.
This cast doo I vse I wil not with you fain:
Therfore I wander if he be I certain.
But and if he be, and you meet me abrode by chaunce:
Send me home to my maister again with a vengeance.
And shew him if he come not ere to morowe night:
I wil neuer receiue him again if I might.
And in the mean time I wil giue him a grote:
That would wel and thriftely walke his cote.
For a more vngratious knaue is not I trowe:
Between this place and Calice.
Nor a more frantique mad knaue in Bedlem:
Nor a more fool hence to Hierusalem.
That if to come again perchsunce he shall refuse:
I wil continew as I am and let him chuse.
And but he come the sooner by our Lady bright:
He shall lye without the doores all night.
For I wil shit vp the gate and get me to bed:
For I promise you ful giddy is my hed.
I need no supper for this night:
Nor would eat any though I might.
And for you also maister I think it best:
you go to bed and take your rest.
For if any of you had been handled as I haue been:
Would not be long out of his bed I ween.
No more wil I but steal out of sight:
I pray God giue you all good night.
And send you better hap and fortune:
Then to leese your self homeward as I haue doon.

Somewhat

Somewhat it was saith the prouerb olde,
That the Cat winked when her eye was out:
That is to say no tale can be tolde,
But that some Englishe may be picked therof out.
If for to serche the ground of it men wil go about.
Is this Enterlude that before you hath been rehearced:
May signefy some further meaning if it be wel serched.

¶ Suche is the fashion of the world now adayes,
That the simple Innocents are deluded:
And an hundred thousand diuers wayes,
By suttle and craftie meanes shamefully abused.
And by strength force and violence oft times compelled
To beleeue and say the Moon is made of a green cheese:
Or els haue great harm and perhaps their life leese.

¶ An olde saying it is that moste times might,
Force, strength, power and colourable suttletie:
Dooth oppresse, debar, ouercome and defeat right,
Though the cause stand neuer so greatly against equitie.
And the truthe be knowne for neuer so perfit certainly.
yet the poor innocent that hath had wrong and iniury:
Must call the other his good maister for shewing him (suche mercy.
¶ And as it is dayly seen for fear of further disprofit
He must that man his best freend and maister call:
Of whom he neuer receyued any maner benefite,
And at whose hand he had neuer any good at all.
And must graunt, affirm or deny what so euer he shall.
He must say Crowe is white if he be so commaunded:
yea and that him self into another body is chaunged.

He

He must say he did amisse though he did not offend,
He must aske forgiuenes where he did no trespace:
Or els be in trouble, care and misery without end,
And be cast in some arerage without any grace.
And that thing whiche he saw doon before his face,
He must by compulsion stifly denie:
And for fear whether he would or nay say tung you lie.

And in every facultie this thing is put in vre,
And is so vniuersall that I need no one to name:
And as I fear is like euermore to endure,
For it is in all faculties a common sporte and game.
The weak to obay the strong or els for to haue blame.
As a cunning Sopist wil by argument bring to passe:
That the rude shall confesse and graunt him self an Asse:

This is the dayly exercise and practice of their scooles,
And not amongst them only, but also amongst all others
The stronger to compel and make poor simple fooles,
To say as they commaund them in all maner matters:
I wil name none particuler but set them all togithers.
Without any exception, for I pray you shew me one:
Emongst all in the world that vseth not suche fashion.

He that is the stronger and more of power and might
If he be disposed to reuenge his cause:
Wil soon pick a quarel be it wrong or right,
To the inferiour and weaker for a couple of strawes.
and wil against him so extremely lay the lawes.
That he wil put him to the worse other by false iniury:
Eyther by some craft and suttletie, or els by plain tiranny.

As

As you saw right now by example plain,
Another fellowe being a counterfait page:
Brought the gentlemans seruant out of his braine,
And made him graunt that he was fallen in dotage.
Bearing him self in hand that he did rage.
And when he could not bring that to passe by reason:
He made him graunt it and say by compulsion.

¶ Therfore happy are they that can beware,
Into whose hands they fall by any suche chaunce:
Whiche if they doo they hardly escape care,
Trouble, misery, and woful greuance.
Thus I make an end committing you to his guidance.
That made & redeemd vs all, and to you that be heer:
I pray God graunt and send many a good new yeer.

FINIS

¶ Imprinted at London
at the long Shop adioyning vnto Saint Mil-
dreds Churche in the Poultrie, by
John Allde.

THE PEDLERS Prophecie.

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LONDON
Printed by Tho. Creede,
and are to be sold by William Barley, at his
shop in Gratious streete.
1595.

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